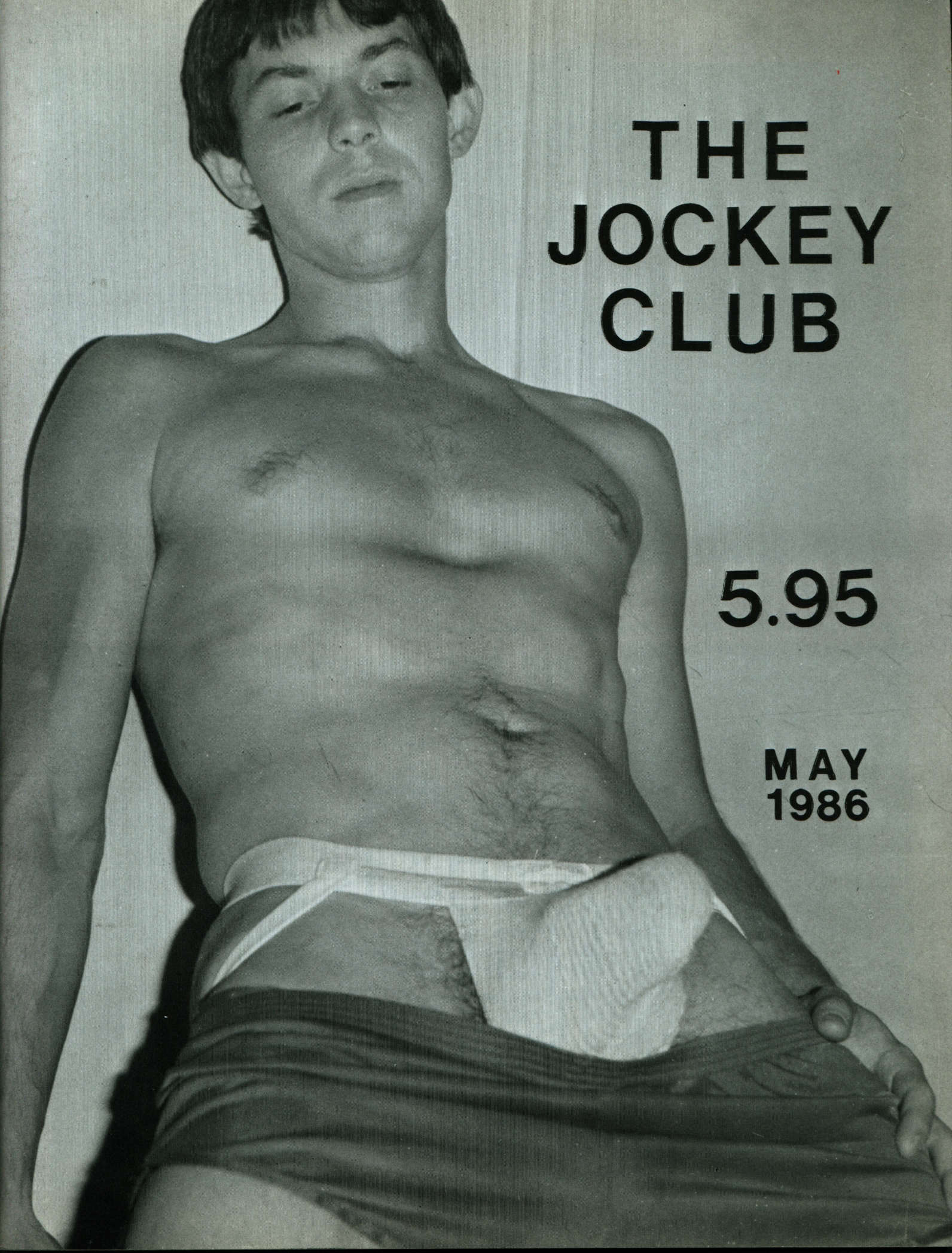

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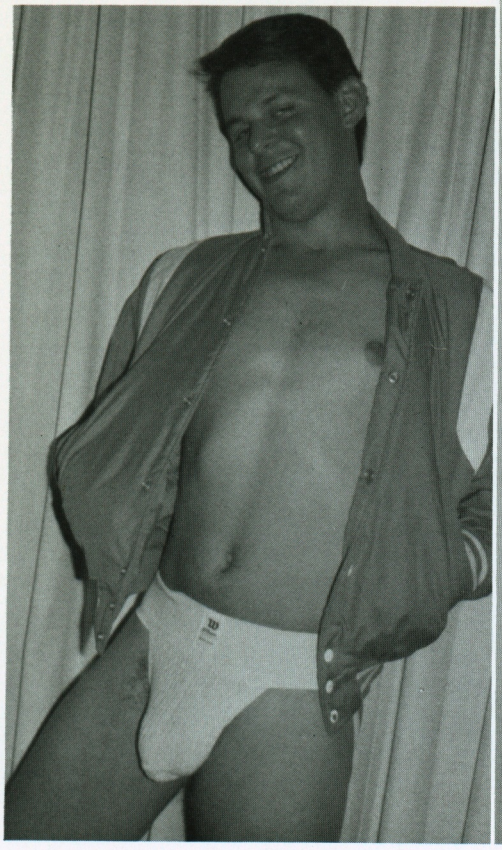

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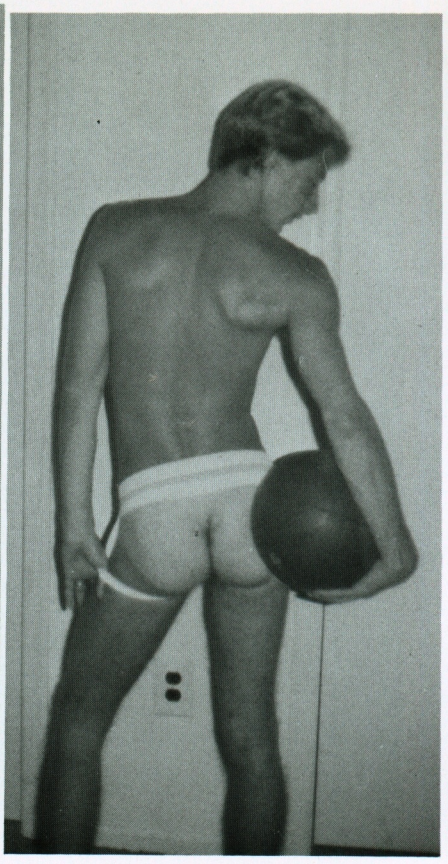

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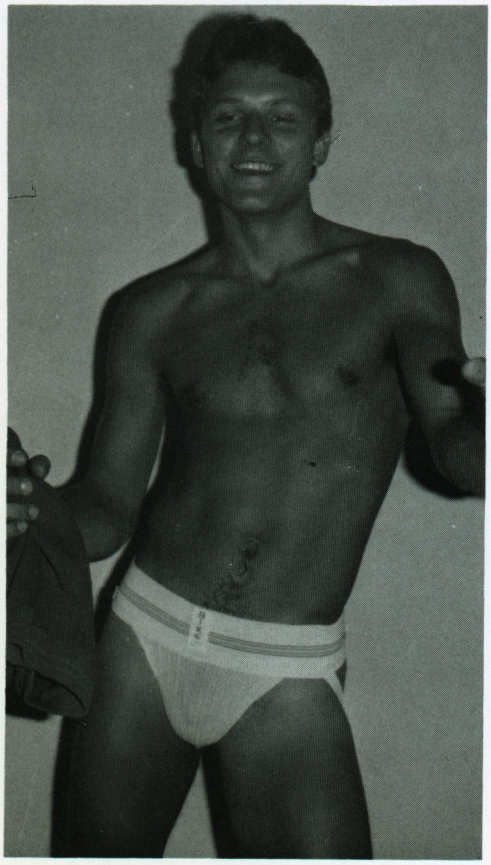

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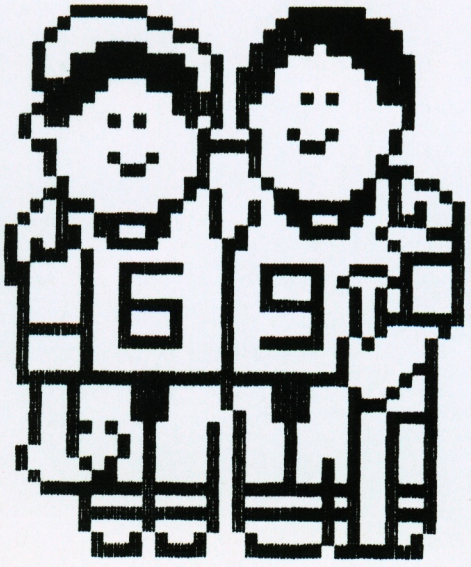

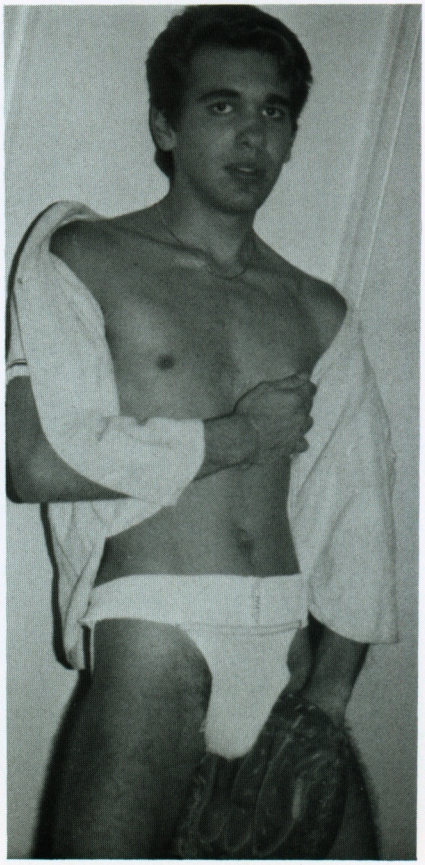

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THE JOCKEY CLUB
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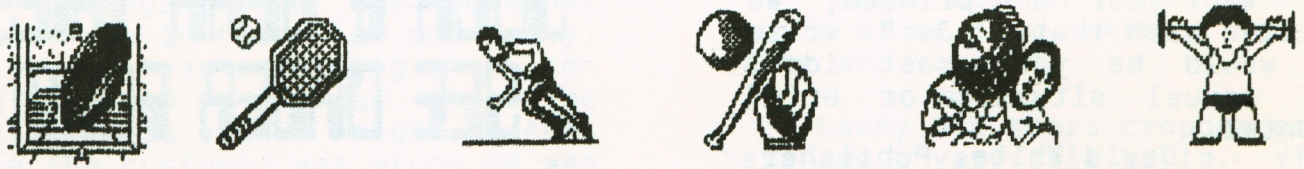
PUBLISHER'S CORNER

Sports! Some men love sports, some tollerate sports and some hate sports. But, there is one aspect of games that every guy likes. Athletes! Some men get turned on just by seeing the outline of a stud's jockstrap through his thin football pants or catching a glimpse of a packed jock pouch as a basketball player jumps to score for his team. So, this issue is dedicated to SPORTSMEN! Manco has supplied JOCKEY CLUB MAGAZINE with some of the hottest athletic shots in its library. I've written a new series of stories about Ken's Jockshop which is turning into a six part epic.

Continued Next Page

JOCKS AT PLAY



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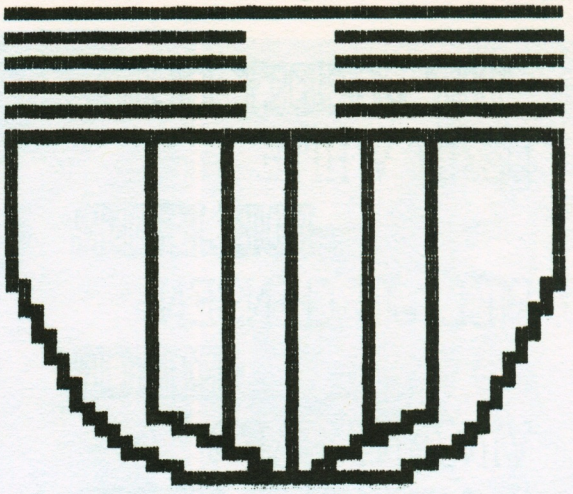
Those of you wishing to change your personal ad from the way it presently reads should send the changes as soon as possible. There is no charge for annual subscribers for changing the text of personal ads but the fee for non-annual subscribers is $2.00. The response to personal ads has been tremendous. Thanks to all of you who have placed and answered Jockey Club personals.

What do you want from JOCKEY CLUB? We want to hear from you. Our subscriber base grows everyday and we are anxious to please you. Take a moment and write us. What photos do you like best? Do you like seeing the nudes or would you like for us to have more photos of guys in gear. One man recently wrote that we are wasting our time with the nude shots for he can see nudes in color in other publications. We need to hear from you so we'll know what you want us to publish. Also, what type of stories do you like. I really appreciate all of the comments I have received about my stories. We request your stories.

We're going to start a reader's fantasies section so, we need for you to send us yours. They can be typed or handwritten. If you don't want your name printed; we can live with that. Just write what would be your most ideal date, sexual situation or brief encounter.

David White, Publisher



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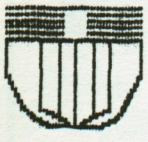

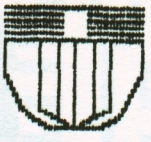

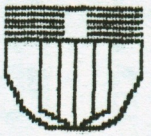

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JOCK SHOPPERS

By David White

Ken had purchased Logan Sports Store from old man Logan two years ago. The first thing the 24 year old owner did was to change the name to KEN'S JOCK SHOP for he thought the new name would attract the young college kids in town. It worked. Soon, Ken's store became the center for sportswear and equipment not only for the students but for the school as well.

Ken was very popular with his customers. They were mainly men and boys. And that is just what Ken liked best. He had been a swimming and diving champion at the college so he was somewhat well known in the Ohio community. If there was one thing that Ken had learned. It was that the customer is always right. And, when the customer was wrong he was still right. This attitude he carried into every phase of his life.

Ken's store opened at 7:30 in the morning so he could catch some of the students before they attended classes. When it was slow in the morning, like this morning, he spent the time stocking shelves. His blond hair was tousled as he took the new stock of golf balls and placed them on the rack.

The bell over the front door rang indicating a customer. Ken looked up to see three boys dressed in running shorts and tee shirts enter. They looked to be about 19.

"Good morning, Ken." The black haired boy said. He was tanned and sweaty. The light glistened on his skin and his hair was shiny.

"Hi! Allen. What can I do for you this morning? Did you make the track team?" Ken asked.

"Sure did. These are a couple of my team mates. This is Larry and Vince."

Larry had short cropped brown hair and a very slim build. Vince was strikingly handsome with rich brown curly hair. His body was very muscular.

"Vince, you look more like a wrestler than a track man." Ken said looking over the big biceps and hefty muscular thighs on the teenage stud.

"Yeah, I need to pick up some speed and I thought track and field would be the thing to do it," Vince replied.

Allen glanced around the store and then looked back to Ken. "Vince needs some gear. I told him you'd give him all the help he needs. Larry and I have to get to class."

"I'll be glad to help him." Ken replied.

Vince and Ken watched Allen and Jerry leave the store. The bell over the door rang as they left.

Vince said, "Ken, I need some shoes, shorts and socks."

Ken took several minutes fitting Vince with shoes. He picked out two pair of shorts and a half dozen pairs of socks.

"Do you need a new jock to wear under those shorts?"

Ken replied that he did.

"This is a Bike brand. It is popular. I also carry several other brands. What width waistband do you like?" Ken asked.

"I usually get the one that is about 3 inches wide but, I saw a guy at practice wearing one that had a one inch waistband and the leg straps looked to be about half the size of regular ones."

"That would be a Futura. Here's one." Ken opened the box and took out the jockstrap and handed it to the athlete. "See how sleek it looks. The pouch is all cotton and really feels good."

Vince examined the jock and told Ken he'd take it. "I also need to buy some underpants. I wear Jockey type most of the time."

"We have a new brand that is really popular called Perry Ellis." Ken led Vince to the rack with the briefs and pulled several packets of color and white briefs and showed them to Vince.

"I have to have white. I don't think I could get into colored underpants."

"Have you ever tried colors? They are very popular nowadays. Why don't you try a pair on and see how they fit and feel?" Ken asked. He opened a packet and handed him a pair of light blue full-cut briefs. "The dressing room is over there. There is a mirror in there."

As soon as Ken saw Vince close the door of the dressing room, he walked over to his office and closed the door behind him. He didn't turn on the light, but went to the wall opposite the dressing room and pulled the drawstrings of the curtain covering his two-way mirror.

Ken had the two-way mirror installed as soon as he bought the store. He told the carpenters it was to prevent theft. But, that simply was not true.

Vince was unaware that he was being watched as he slid his yellow running shorts down his legs and then reached for the waistband of his tattered jockstrap. Ken noticed that the pouch of the boy's jock was stretched and out of shape from too many wearings and too many washings. Ken thought that perhaps too many erections may also have stretched the cotton and nylon blend pouch beyond wearing condition.

Vince slipped his thumbs into he waistband of the jock and slid it down his legs. As the jock rode down over his thighs, Vince bent forward preventing Ken from getting a view of his cock and balls. Once the jock was

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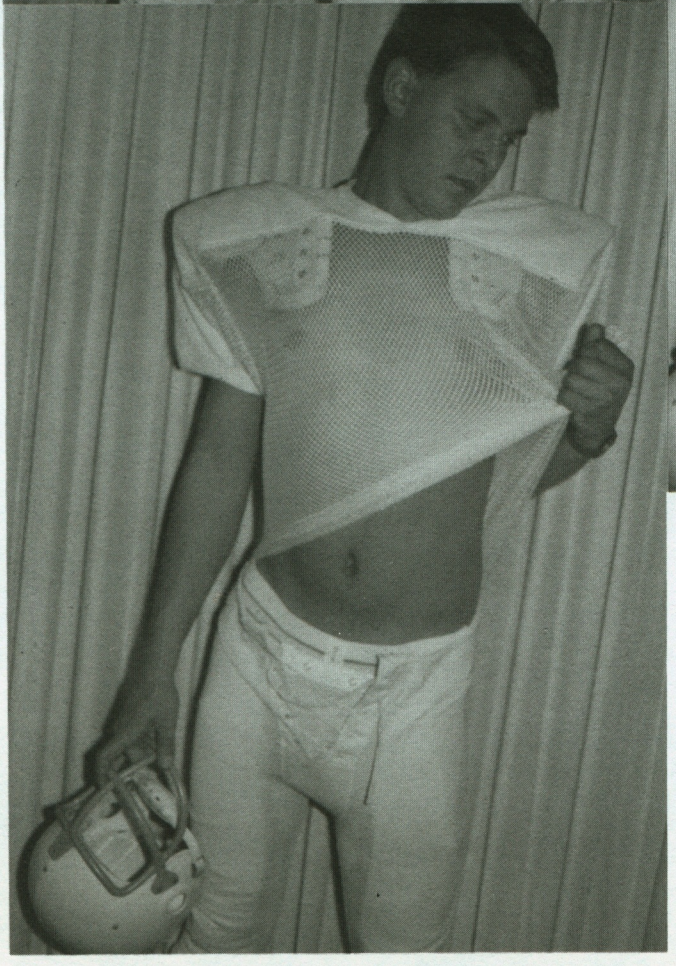
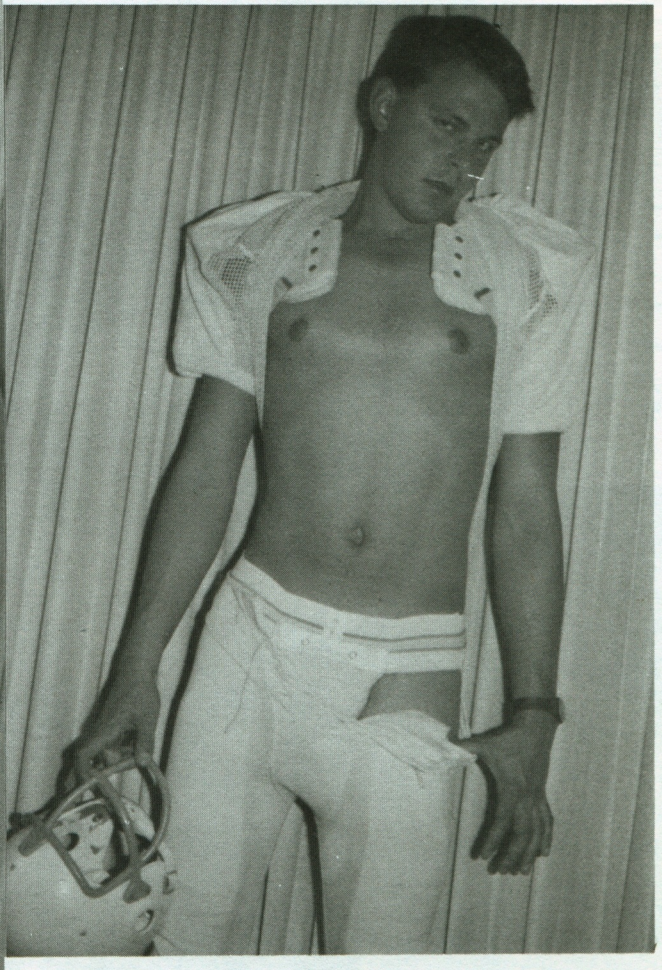
QUATERBACK MICHAEL

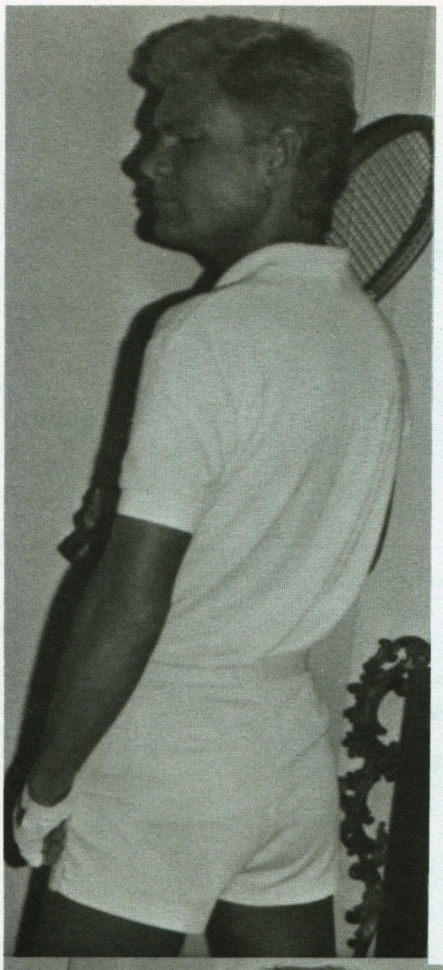




STRIPPED TO HIS JOCK.... THE PLASTIC CUP COMES OUT...

AND HIS COCK

Photos by MANCO



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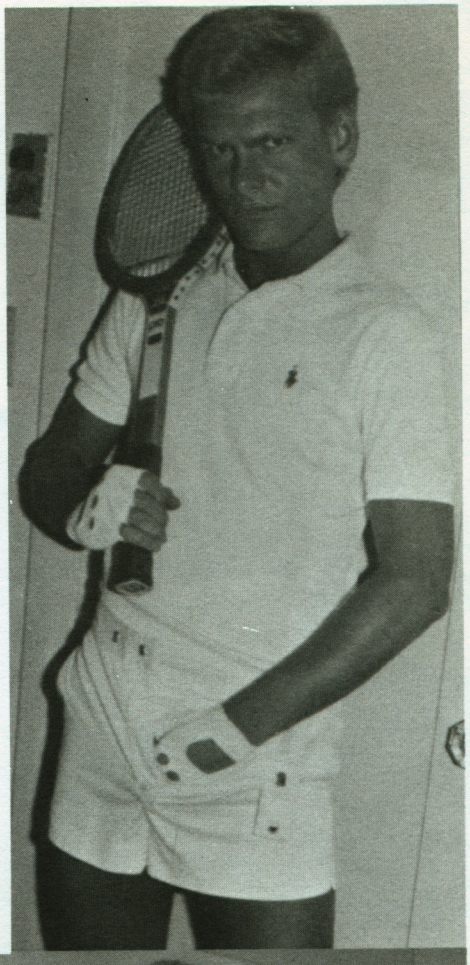

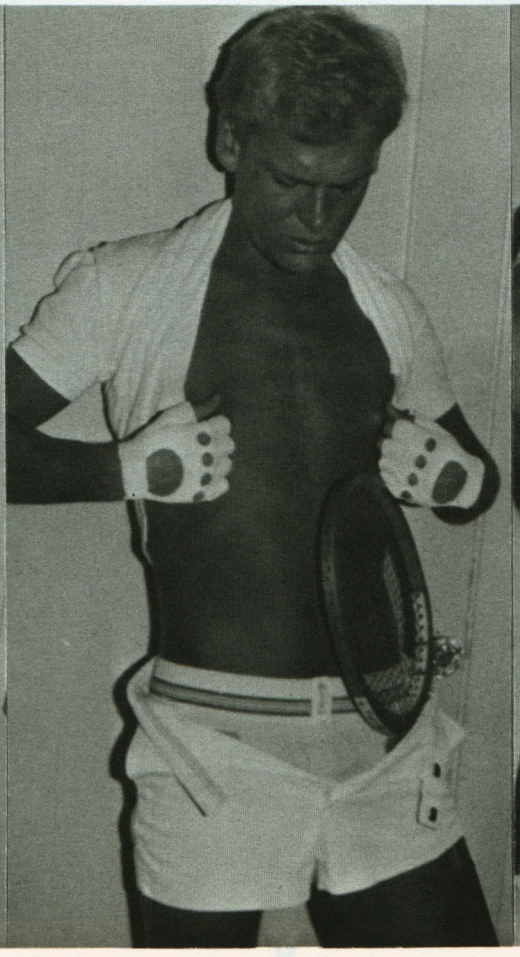

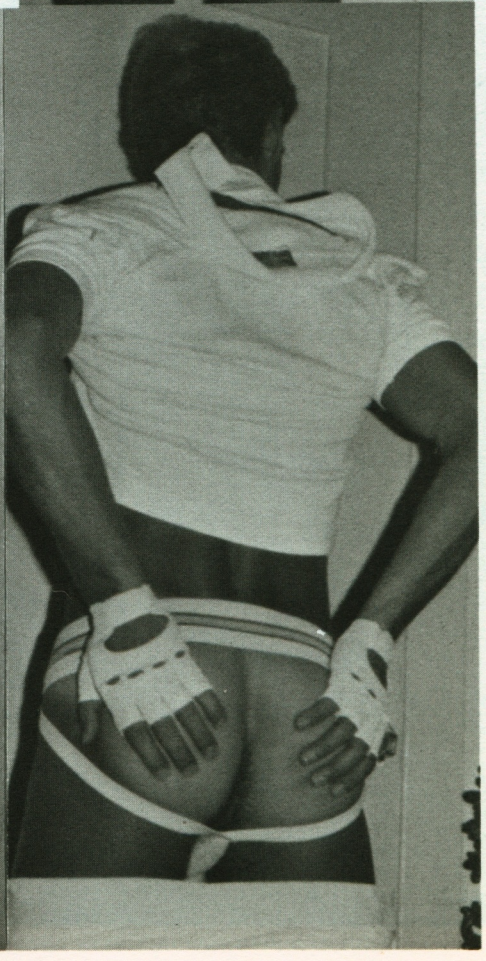

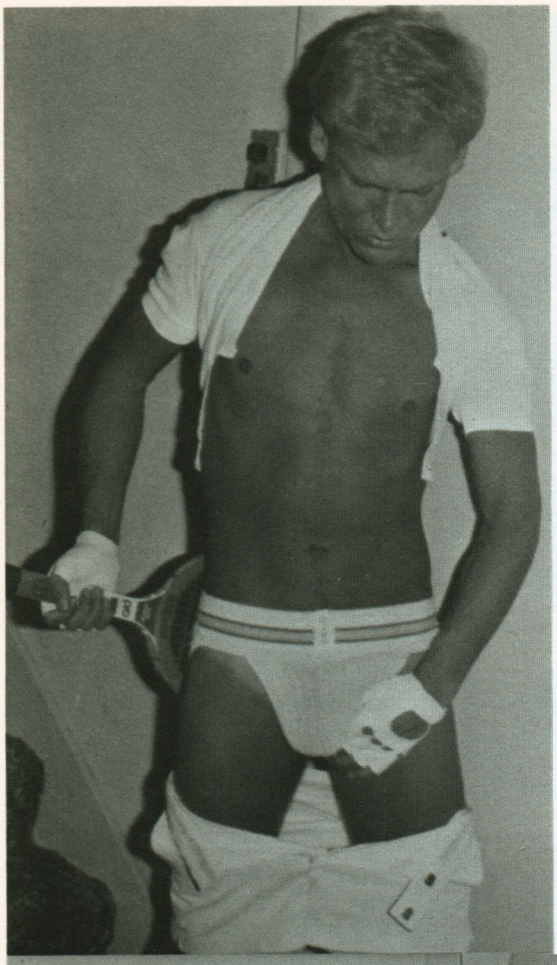

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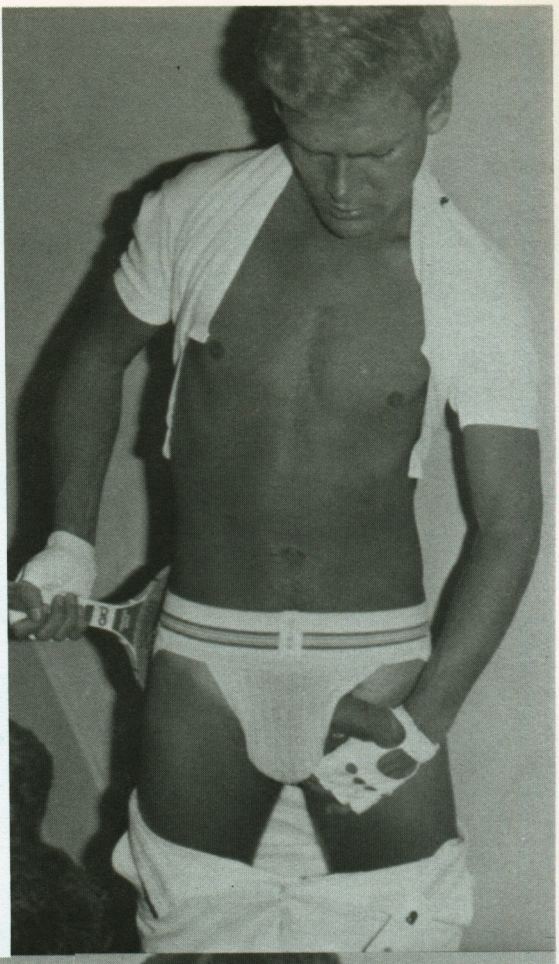
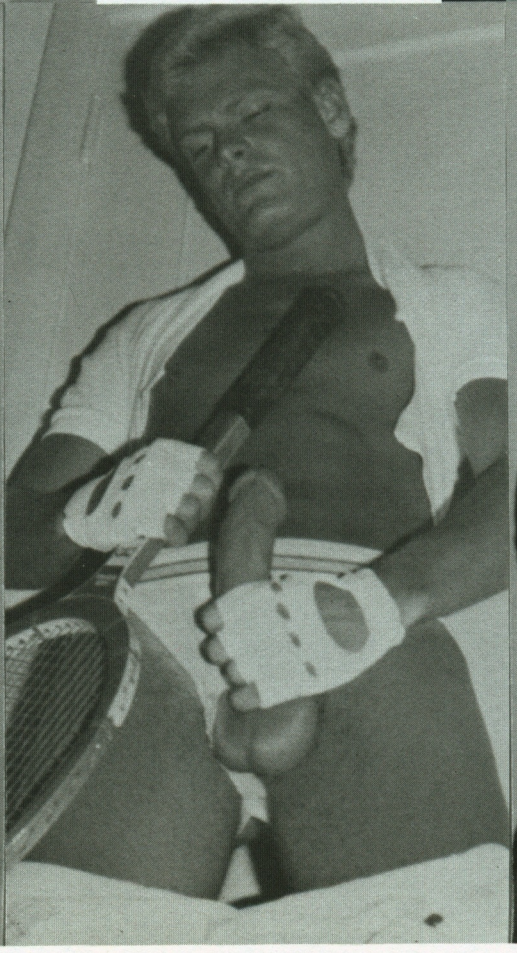
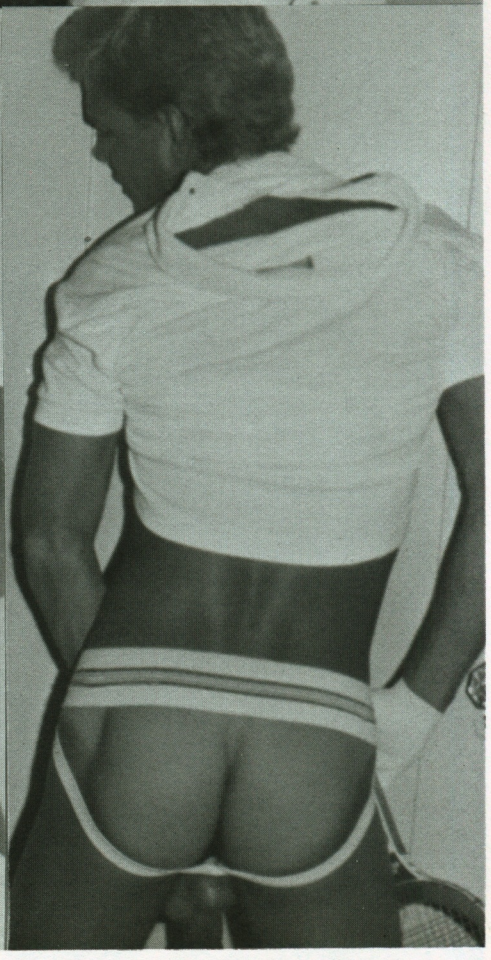
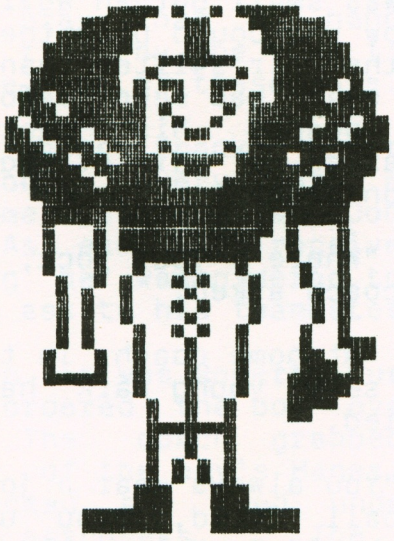






TEAM SPANKING



BY DAVID WHITE

The coach was Pissed! Denton High School lost the football game by a score of 21 to 7. This was Coach Randall's first year at Denton. The school board hired him, at nearly twice the salary of the previous coach, because Randall's record at previous schools was outstanding. He wasn't used to losing. The board had heard that he was a tough coach. But, that is what they believed was needed since Denton had the worst record in the league.

Over the last three years, Denton had won only seven games of twenty-three. The board believed that their boys were just as good as any other school but that they just didn't have the discipline and training needed to build a winning team.

It was a warm saturday in October. After the previous night's defeat, the coach ordered the team to report to him at 1 P.M. The boys never had had to work out on a Saturday before, but the coach said anybody who missed Saturday's practice would be scrubbed from the team. So, they all showed up.

The team captain was putting them through warm-up exercises when the coach arrived. He was a handsome man. About thirty years old, solid muscle, and a smile like Tony Danza's. But, he wasn't smiling when he marched across the field toward the boys.

"You're a bunch of fuck-ups! Do you hear me?" he snarled.

"Yes, Sir!" the teammates replied in unison.

"Well, you're not going to lose again! Ever! The only way to make winners out of you is to discipline your thinking," Coach Randall yelled.

He looked around at the team, then yelled to the team captain, "Johnson! Bring me the stool that is by the scoreboard!"

"Yes, Sir, Coach!" The team captain yelled back. He ran to the other end of the field and returned with the stool. The thirty three members of the team's three strings huddled around the coach.

"Johnson! You're the team captain so you're gonna get it first. Strip off your practice pants, I wanna see your bare ass!"

The teammates looked at each other in disbelief.

"Yes, coach." Johnson said hesitantly. He reached for the strings holding up his pants and loosened them. He pushed them

down and glanced around at his buddies who were looking at him.

"Over my lap, Johnson. You're gonna be the first to see what happens to losing sissy boys."

Johnson laid his jockstrap-clad ass over the coach's lap. The coach raised his right hand and brought it down very hard on the boy's right ass cheek. The sound of the smack caused the other boys to take a step back. They gasped! Before Johnson could take a breath the hand struck again and again, harder and harder. Johnson had never been spanked this hard in his life. Again and again the hand came crashing onto his white jock-framed butt turning it a crimson red.

"No, coach. Stop! It hurts too much... stopppp" Johnson screamed. But, the coach's hand was relentless in its brutal attack on the losing football team captain's butt.

"Stop crying, sissy boy! I don't want sissies on my team. Only sissies cry when they get what's coming to them for being losers," the angry coach yelled.

Finally, the coach stopped spanking the boy.

"Reach around there and feel your butt boy. Burning isn't it? You'd better get familiar with the feeling for it's what everybody on this team of losers is going to get every time you lose a game or tie a game. When I'm finished this afternoon, every butt on this team is going to look like yours, Johnson. Now, get up and walk around this bunch of losers so each one of them can see how their butt is going to look!"

The coach continued, "Roberts, You're next. Drop 'em and get over my lap."

Roberts, the co-captain, was the team's starting quarterback. He was small but an agile little fellow who could pick the ball out of the air swifter than anybody the coach had seen before. The boy pushed his pants down revealing a pair of tight white cotton briefs.

"Where's your jock, Roberts?" The coach asked.

"At home coach, in the wash," the sexy young dark haired boy replied.

"You always wear a jock on the football field, you understand that boy?" Randall yelled.

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"Yes, Sir!" Roberts replied.

"You stand aside, You missed three passes last night. I'm gonna spank you last and you'd better pray that my hand gets pretty tired by the time I'm done with the rest of these boys."

The coach spanked every boy one-by-one. Every boy's ass got the same treatment as Johnson's had. As each boy received his spanking he was ordered to show his red ass to his teammates.

When it was Roberts turn the coach ordered the boy over his lap. The coach grabbed the elastic of the boy's Hanes briefs and locked the band under the boy's asscheeks. The boy's bubblebutt was solid muscle. He had deep dimples in each of his buns.

The coach began reddening the teenage ass. Smack! Crack! Slap! The boy did not make a sound. The coach changed his mode from open hand spanks to glancing blows. Still the boy made no sound. The coach tried another approach. As each full open hand cracked down on the quarterback's butt, the coach held his hand in place keeping the heat in the spank. But, still the boy didn't make a sound.

The coach looked up at the other boys and ordered them all to the showers.

"You're a tough guy, Roberts. Maybe there is one guy on this team that isn't a sissy!" Roberts and Coach Randall were alone on the football field. The coach finally stopped the spanking. "Get off of me and sit down in the grass, Curt." The coach had never called the boy by his first name before.

Curt remained bent over as he slid off the coach's lap and took a sitting position on the field.

"Lean back, Roberts!" The coach shouted.

As Curt leaned back the pouch of his briefs came into view. It was tented with a tremendous hard-on. The hard teen cock inside the briefs was pushing the waistband three inches away from his waist.

"Just as I thought. You got a hard-on while I was spanking you. I could feel it through your underpants and my pants. That is why I ordered the other boys to the shower," Coach Randall confided.

"Thanks, coach, It would have been very embarrassing for them to see me like this. I don't know why it happened, coach."

"I had a couple of players like you when I was at Zanesville. They always got a hard-on when I spanked their young butts, too. They became the best two players I ever coached. So, don't worry about it."

"Gee, thanks coach."

The coach stood up and said, "The other boys should be gone by now, let's go into the lockerroom and I'll finish your spanking in there."

"More, coach? You gonna spank me some more?" Curt asked somewhat dismayed.

"Got to, boy. I don't want a fuckoff quarterback on my team."

The other teammates were just leaving the lockerroom when Curt and Coach Randall entered. The last boy out closed the door.

Curt followed the coach into his office. Inside the office was only a desk, chair and massage table used by the team trainers to bandage ankles, knees and wrists.

The coach pulled off his tight gray tee shirt. Curt looked at the coach's sweaty tanned muscular chest. It glistened in the bright light.

"Okay, Curt. Strip back down to your briefs."

The coach pulled his chair around in front of his desk and grabbed the boy, pulling him over his lap. He began spanking the boy's bubble shaped butt again. The butt was already red from the assault it received on the football field. But, now, the coach had regained some of his strength and resumed laying into Curt's boyflesh.

Once again, the coach felt Curt's teen prick begin to stretch the pouch of his tight Hanes briefs. With each spank of the coach's hand, the cotton covered dick pressed deeper and deeper into the coach's lap; directly against the coach's cock. The more the coach felt Curt's cock against his own, the bigger the coach's cock became.

"Stand up, boy, You're sweating like crazy and soaking my trousers. I better skin'em off," the coach said.

Curt stood up and the coach could clearly see the outline of the boy's rock-hard prick pushing against his briefs. When the coach opened his slacks and let them drop to his feet, Curt gasped. The coach was wearing a jockstrap under his slacks. Coach Randall's cock was just as hard as the boy's teen meat was. Again, the coach pulled Curt over his lap. He began spanking the boybutt again. Each time his hand cracked down on the red flesh the coach squeezed the ass cheek. In a few minutes the coach finally heard murmurs coming from Curt. They sounded like little cries. Moans, maybe. But, one thing was for sure. The boy was hard and hot. Coach Randall's jock-covered

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dick pressed against Curt's underpants-covered young dick. Pouch to pouch. Each time the coach's hand pounded down on Curt's ass, it drove the boy's cock harder into the coach's dick.

The coach felt his jockstrap becoming damp. Damp and sticky. The boy was oozing pre-sex juice from his piss slit and soaking through both layers of material. The coach's cock became so excited that it oozed some of it's own pent-up prefuck jizz which mingled with that of the spanked boy. The boy began a hunching motion while the coach continued to spank him.

"Coach... We'd better stop. I can't take anymore without... eh..

"Without what, Curt? What were you going to say?"

"I can't control my cock, coach. I'm gonna squirt off in my briefs. I'm really gonna shoot if you don't stop. I can't help myself." The boy cried out.

"Well, boy, I'm not gonna stop." The coach replied.

Coach Randall began slamming his hand against the boy's bright red butt. In fact, the coach himself was trembling, wondering which of them would shoot off their load of creamy rich cum first. He knew he was only about five more spanks away from blasting his juice up through his jockpouch and into the teen boy's clean briefs. Suddenly Curt tensed up. His body became rigid and his legs straightened out as he cried out,"Coach, I can't help it... I"m cumming... I'm squirtin' all over your lap, ugghhh!"

Coach Randall brought his hand down on the boy's butt one last time. That was all it took as the coach's body tightened and the cum, deep in his body, began shooting out of his prickhead, through his jockpouch and mixing with Curt's teen cream. The cum mixed with the shooting jizz of coach and quarterback. Blast after blast of jizz flowed from both of them. Coach Randall ground his cock into the boy's groin as the boy did the same to the coach.

After a moment the boy's body went limp and the coach fell back into a totally relaxed position on his chair. The boy began to stand up and they both heard the squishy sounds of their jizz-soaked pouches being pulled apart.

When Curt stood, he faced the coach and gave him a small smile.

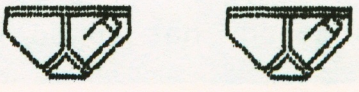
The coach looked back and said, "Looks like we'd better get into the shower. We've got to clean your briefs and my jock."

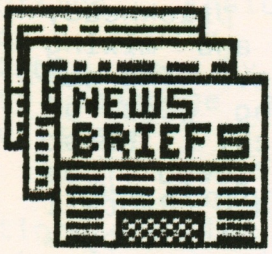
The End

BRIEF HUMOR

Two drunks are walking down the street. They see a dog licking it's balls. The first drunk says, "I sure wish I could do that."
The second drunk replies,"I think I'd find out if he's friendly first."

There once was a gay guy named Bloom
Who took a lesbian up to his room.
They argued all night,
as to who had the right,
to do what and where to whom.





JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

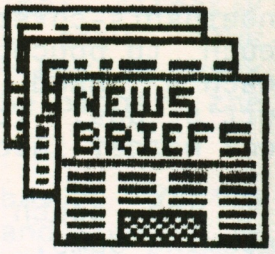
A new line of briefs, boxers and tank tops have hit the Los Angeles area. ROBINSON's department store introduced the line of **Perry Ellis** in a full page erotic color ad in the Los Angeles Times. The ad displays a muscular hunk wearing deep purple briefs and matching tank top. The briefs fit so snugly they are deeply indented up his ass crack. No attempt to **air brush** was made in the ad. The accompanying verbage states, **"Perry's** sure sense of what compliments the American Male: a high-spirited application of color and body-aware design. Prices from $6 to $10." The white waistband of the briefs has the **Perry Ellis** name imprinted. The ad is one of the hottest this writer has ever seen.

The Jockey Club is doing one of our office walls in full page hot underwear and swimwear ads. If you have any to contribute from newspapers or magazines printed outside of the Los Angeles area, we'd appreciate them.

The **JOCKSTAPE** is completed and in the editor's hands. The July issue of this magazine will be dedicated to the video. It features Jockstraps and white cotton briefs.

Personal Notes: I will be going to Amsterdam for a couple of weeks. I will have returned by the time you receive this issue. I am going to purchase a large amount of briefs and jocks to be used as prizes in some of our upcoming issues. I will also be taking photos of Dutch Boys in Briefs and jocks. It's a tough job, but somebody has to do it!

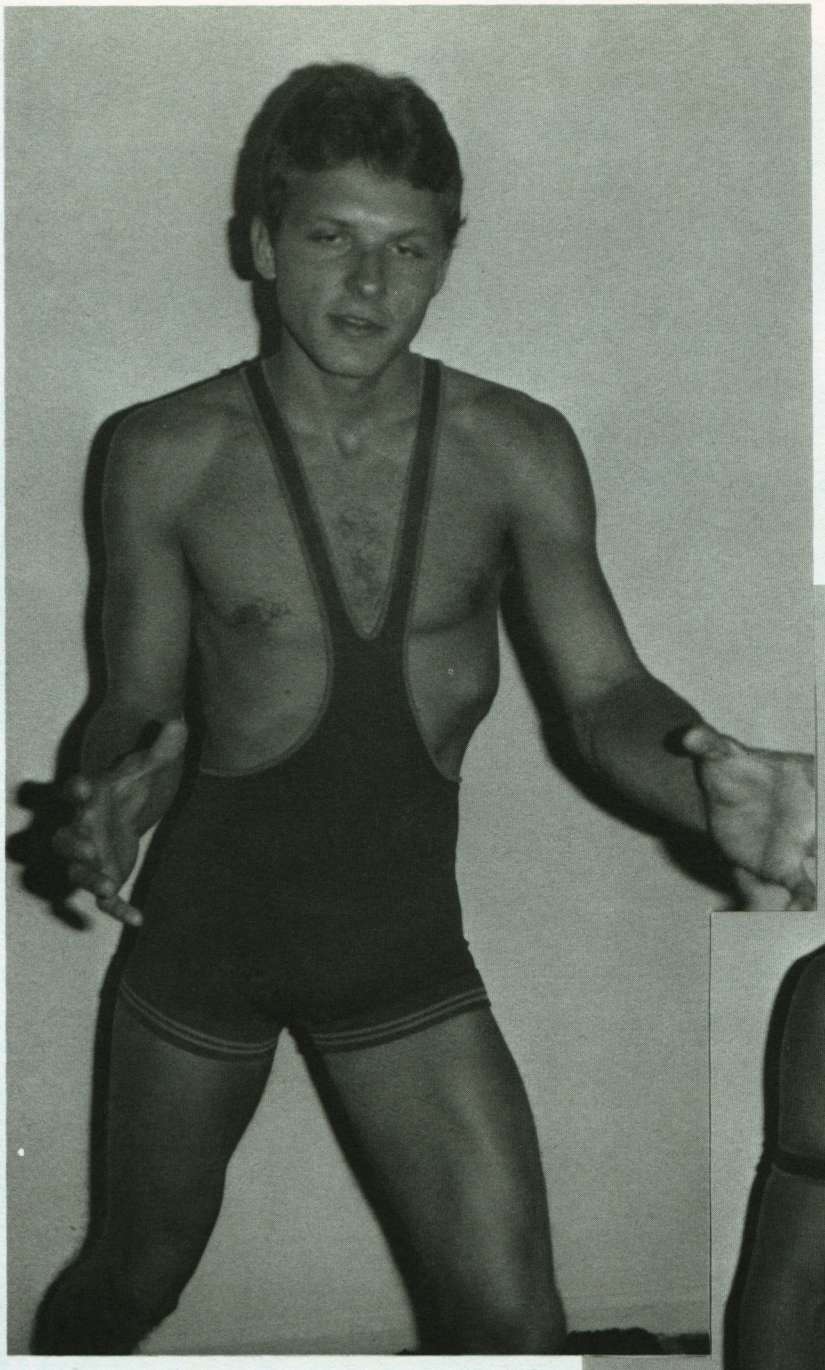
JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

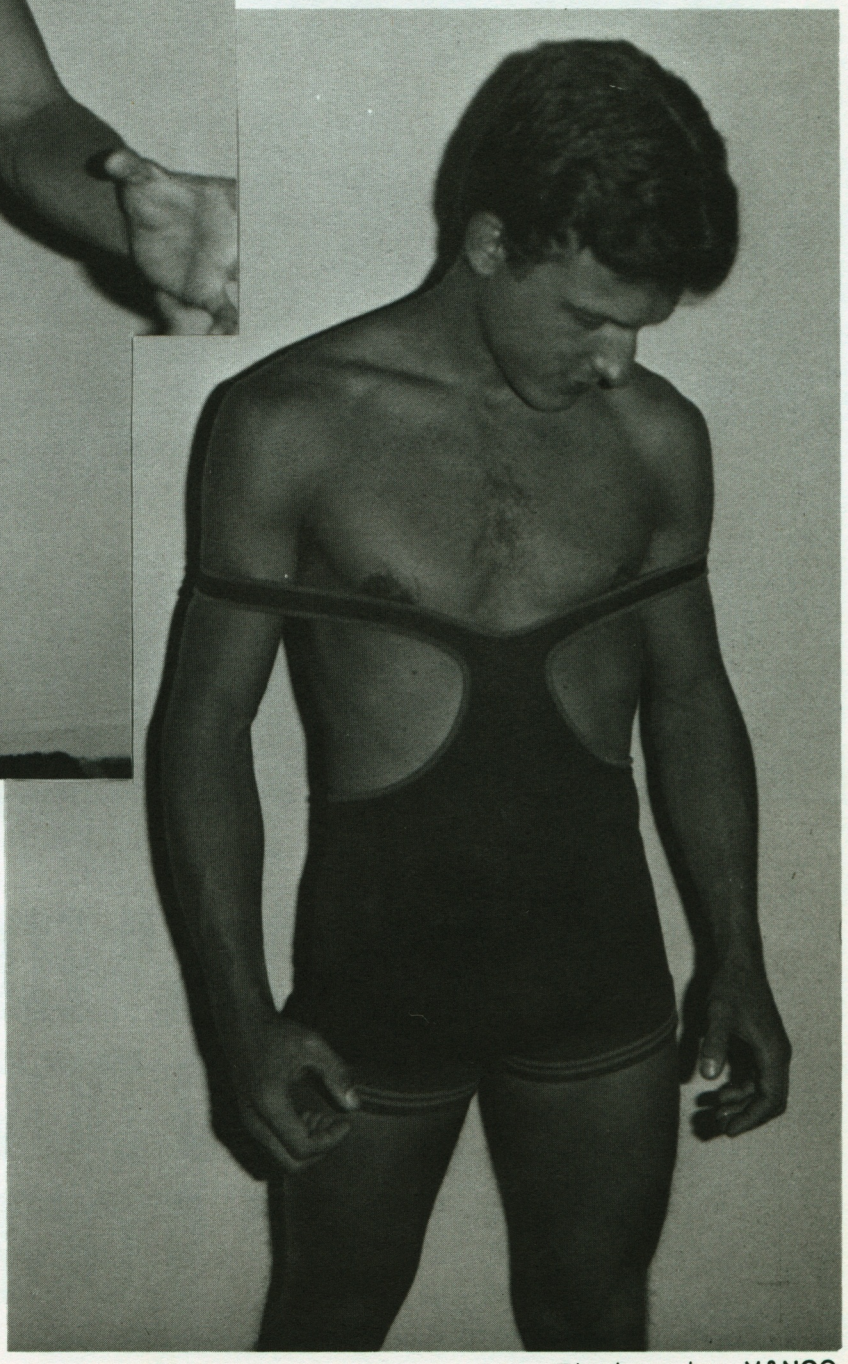


The **ORO-SIMULATOR** that you see advertised in this magazine and every other gay publication is not to be taken lightly. I was surprised at the realistic effect the unit gives. I've found that most toys don't live up to their advertising. But, the Oro-simulator really sucks you off. It does not apply damaging pressure like those toys sold to enlarge your dick. In fact, let me warn you that cock extending toys can be unsafe. The Oro-simulator stays on your cock and gives great mouth. It even come with a bottle of **Silk** lubricant to enhance the experience. I like to wear it under my tightest briefs and let it suck me off. It feels like a buddy is mouthing me through the material.

JOCKEY CLUB is out of all previous issues. We have a limited number of our premier issue available but with the cover and a couple of pages removed.

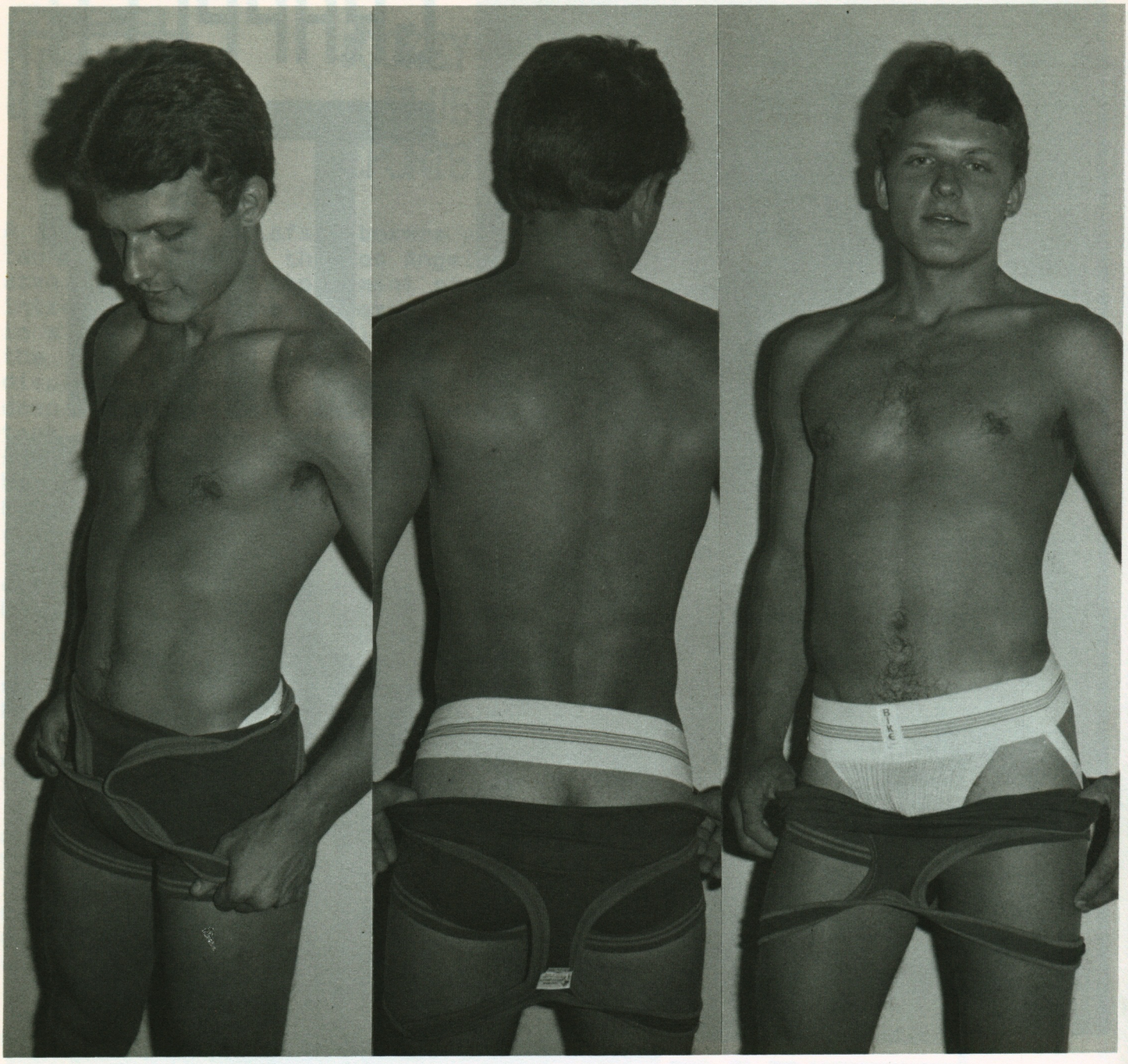
GRAPPLER JAY



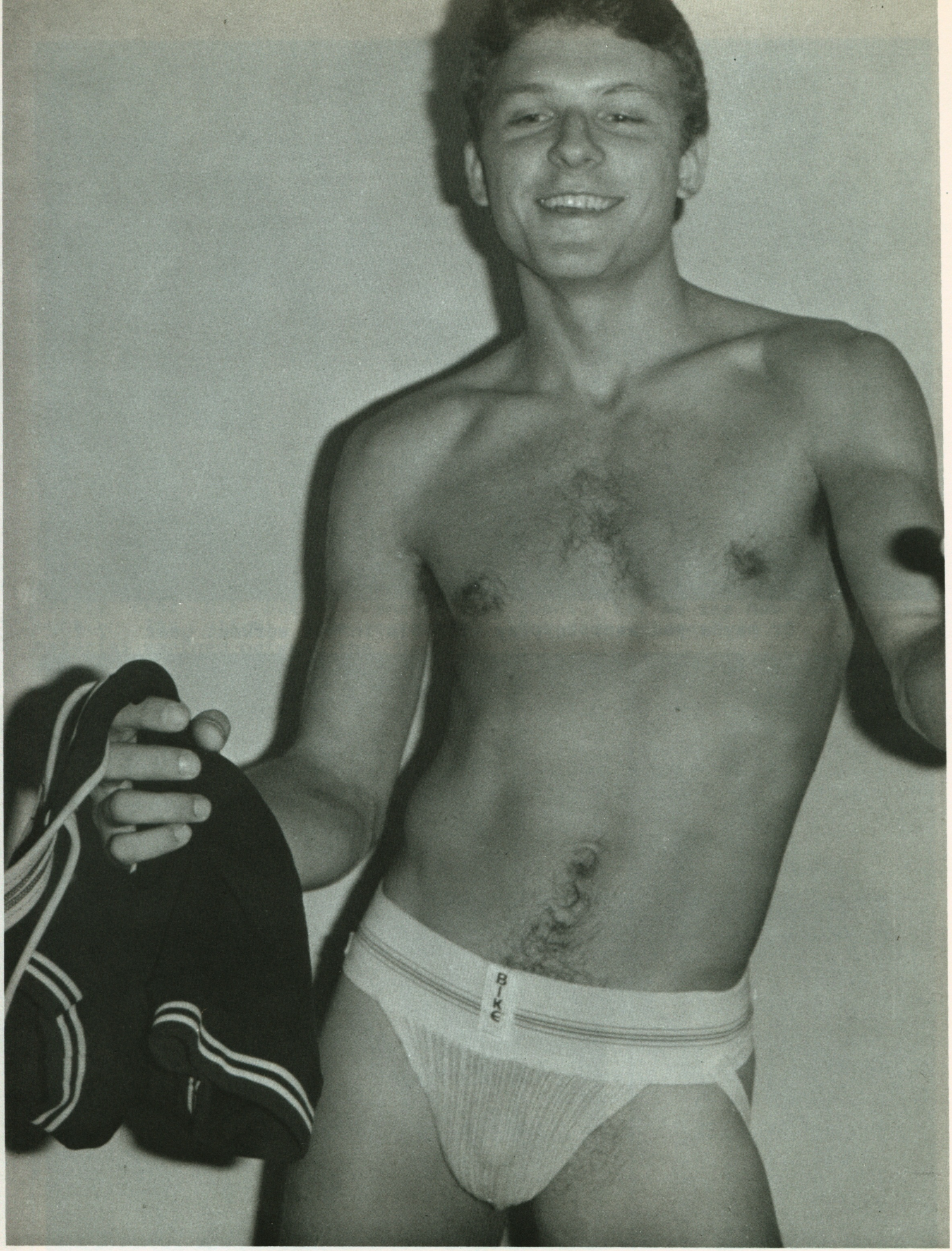


ONE HOT HUNK

Photos by MANCO



"COME ON," HE SAYS, "LET'S GO DOWN ON THE MAT TOGETHER."


BIKE

? ? Or maybe you want to play with him in his workout gear ? ?

Continued from page 5

pulled over his running shoes he reached for the light blue Perry Ellis briefs and pulled them up his legs, over his thighs then he straightened his body and carefully pulled the briefs into position. Vince reached into the waistband and arranged his genitals to their most comfortable position.

From Ken's vantage point he could see every detail of the snug fit. The pouch bulged with the young stud's cock and balls. Each ball clearly outlined in the crotch of the full-cut briefs. The teen cock was aimed toward the boy's left hip. Ken unzipped his his own slacks and reached through the open fly to massage his own hardening prick through his briefs.

Vince turned his back to the mirror to study the fit of the new briefs over his bubble shaped butt. The light blue cotton material emerged between the back of his thighs and up his butt reaching deep inside the crack of his muscular ass. He reached for the white elastic waistband and pulled it up a little higher to make his asscrack even more pronounced. This action also caused the pouch containing his dick and hefty balls to be pulled tighter so that when he turned to face the mirror again he was greeted by the sight of his bulging basket filling the front of the briefs. Vince couldn't resist reaching down to cup his crotch. The feel of the sensual cotton caused his penis to stir in the imprisoning cloth.

Ken squeezed his cock through his tight brief shorts as he watched the hunky teen college boy groping his own crotch through the two-way mirror. He wanted the guy. He wanted to feel those muscles, shoulders and pecs. He wanted to bury his face in the crotch of the light blue briefs and suck the boy's cock through them. Suddenly, Ken fastened his light tan slacks, zipped the fly and left his office. Walking the few steps to the dressing room door, he grasped the doorknob and slowly opened it.

"Well, how do they fit, Vince?" Ken asked.

Vince spun around to Ken,"I don't know. They feel great in the back but maybe they're too tight in the front."

Ken stared at the boy's full crotch. He guessed the guy's cock to be half hard. It was no longer aimed at his left hip but it was now aimed toward his belly button. "They look terrific on you. The snug fit will look good under your jeans. Let me see how they fit in the back, Vince."

Vince turned around again facing the mirror. He looked at Ken's face in the mirror as Ken examined the fit over of the briefs over his butt. He saw Ken's lip slightly open and then watched as Ken slightly licked his lips.

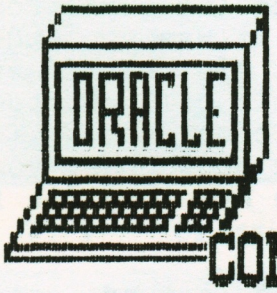
Ken noticed how the shorts rode up the crack of the boy's butt causing a sensuous crease in the cotton.

Vince turned around again facing the young store owner. He hunched his crotch forward and cupped his balls with his left hand, "Do you think these briefs are too tight here?" He smiled at Ken as he asked.

Ken took a step forward and looked into Vince's deep brown eyes. Vince had a smile on his lips. "Well, Vince, you want to

be sure you have enough room in your briefs for your cock to stretch out whenever it wants to. From what I can see through these tight briefs you may need a size bigger. Maybe I'd better check these a bit closer."

Ken reached down and removed Vince's hand and replaced it with his own, cupping the teen balls and feeling the base of Vince's rapidly hardening dick. Vince let out a groan of pleasure as he felt the blond man's hand cup his crotch.



LARGEST GAY BBS

CONNECT YOUR MODEM WHERE IT DOES THE MOST GOOD! HUNDREDS OF HUNKY JOCKS ARE WAITING TO HEAR FROMYOU! CALL 818/980-6743, LOG ON "NEW" PSWD: JOCKEY

It was apparent to both of them that they were now playing a game that would soon have them in engaged in intense sexual activity. But, not too soon. Both males were enjoying the slow foreplay and the pretense.

Ken loved the feel of a young jock's basket. It was one of his favorite thrills. His own cock was rock hard and bulging through his tight cotton tan slacks. He massaged Vince's balls for a few minutes and then worked his fingers up the outline of the now rock hard cock.. He traced every inch of the teen meat pressing through the cotton.

"That feels so good, Ken. Please don't stop," Vince begged. Ken had no intention of stopping. He slipped down to his knees. His face was just a few inches from the bulging cock. He felt Vince's hands on the back of his head drawing his face to the packed front of the Perry Ellis light blue jampacked cotton briefs. Closer and closer his face came to the shorts till contact was made. His mouth opened and his tongue felt the smooth cotton covering the boy's teenage rock hard cock. Ken planted kisses up and down the shaft and sucked in each of the boy's cum-filled balls. He licked one then the other and then back to the first one again. Up and down the shaft. He heard low animalistic moans coming from Vince as he reached around and cupped the muscular ass, examining every inch of it. He paid special attention to the area where the briefs rode deep into the crevice of his butt.

Vince began sinking to his knees and then lay back on the carpeted dressing room floor. "Oh, Ken, that's it!. Check out every inch of my briefs. Don't miss a stitch. Your mouth feels so hot. Get the crotch real wet with your hot spit."

Ken felt Vince's hand move to touch him. Vince worked his hand down Ken's body till he reached the bulge in the tan slacks. Ken was on his knees leaning over the boy.

Suddenly, the two hot men heard the bell over the shop door ring, indicating a customer was entering.

"Damn!" Ken uttered. "Wait a minute, I'll take care of the customer and I'll be right back. Again the bell rang.

Ken left the dressing room and closed the door behind him. He walked toward the front of the store. It was the UPS delivery man with a package. Ken signed for the package and watched as the man left. He walked to the door, place a sign reading 'Be back in ten minutes' then returned to the dressing room. When he opened the door, he looked at Vince lying on the floor on his back. He'd removed all of his clothing except for the skin tight bulging briefs. Vince's hand was slowly jacking his cock through the material. Ken kicked off his loafers while he pulled his shirt over his head. He reached for his belt but Vince suddenly spoke.

"No, let me do that, Ken. Let me do that." Vince rose to his knees and knelt in front of Ken. He opened the belt and then unbuttoned the waist button of Ken's slacks. He dropped his hand to feel the hard outline of Ken's cock through his slacks. Vince guessed the cock to be about seven and a half inches long. It was a thick cock. Vince moved his hands up to the tab of the zipper. He could see the white waistband of Ken's briefs riding above the waistband of the slacks. He pulled the zipper tab down The flaps of the pants parted to reveal the fully packed front of Ken's tight, smooth underpants. The cockhead reached nearly to the waistband. Vince pulled the slacks over Ken's legs and pulled them off of his feet. Vince used both hands to kneed and squeeze the hard cock in Ken's briefs. A wet spot developed at the point of greatest stress in the briefs. right where Ken's cockhead bulged the material the most. Without hesitation, Vince licked the drop of pre-seminal fluid into his mouth and began licking and sucking at the basket just like Ken had done to him earlier.

Ken dropped to his knees and began kissing Vince's face while he fingered his ass and bulging cock. "Vince, I just got to cum right now. I need to so bad!"

Vince replied,"Beat off in my face...let me pull your cock out through the slit in your briefs and beat off in my face."

Vince reached through the fly of Ken's white briefs and struggled to pull the hard cock through the opening. Then he lay back and pulled Ken onto his chest. Ken straddled the boy's neck and rubbed his pre-cum oozing cock all over Vince's face. Vince lapped at the juices and then began sucking Ken's balls through the tight white cotton cloth. Ken began jacking-off on the musclebound teenager's face.

Vince sucked and licked at the cotton covered balls as he watched Ken's cock being jacked in his face. "I want to catch your jizz, Ken. Aim it at my mouth..."

That was all it took as Ken's hard cock began to spurt wildly. Ken bucked and moaned as wad after wad of white hot cum shot out of his piss slit. Some of it shot over Vince's head, some landed on his cheeks and chin but several good rich gobs shot directly into Vince's eager mouth. Vince strained to catch a few of the shots. Ken gave Vince a thorough

jism-drenching. When the jizz stopped flowing, Ken leaned his face into Vince's and licked at the jizz covering the boy's face and then sank his tongue into Vince's mouth and licked his fuck out of his mouth.

"Ken, jack me off in my shorts, please..." Vince begged.

Ken threw his legs back to one side of the boy's quaking body and grasped the hard cock through his briefs.

"Wait, let me get on all fours and reach around and jack me in that position." Vince urged.

Vince got on all fours, as if in a wrestling position, and Ken grabbed his brief-covered dick and began jacking him. Ken used one hand to jack the boy and the other hand to finger his cloth- covered butt. Vince groaned like a wounded animal as he felt Ken's expert fingers jacking him through the briefs.

"I'm gonna cum, Ken...Oh! Daddy, I'm gonna cum.. Jack me Daddy...ahhhhhh!" Vince yelled.

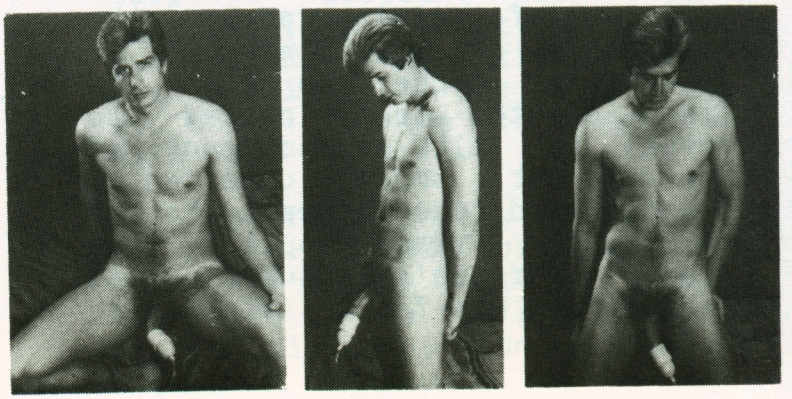
Ken felt the tight light blue cotton briefs becoming soaked with teen spunk juice. The boy bucked and yelled while the boy juices

Strokes Up and Down Your Penis...All By Itself!

Once you've introduced your penis—hard or soft— to the incredible new Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, dances enticingly back and forth, even screws crazily, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth could ever mold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin——like the best blow job and the wildest fuck you've ever had or ever imagined, you'll have the most soul shattering, nerve rending, hotly spasming explosion of unbridled sexual ecstasy you've had in years!

SOFT OR HARD—KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION! EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!

Once you've put your *Oro-Simulator,* on your penis it stays on and keeps working. Lie on your back, on your side...kneel...sit...stand up...change from one position to another...the *Oro-Simulator* doesn't care. It continues to cling, hot and wet, gliding silkily up and down, stroking with ever maddening intensity back and forth until your vision blurs with total excitement and your balls are screaming to let go! Unlike a mouth the *Oro-Simulator* never lets go, never gets tired, never gives up, never stops moving until and unless you want it to! The pleasure is relentless, ever increasing, all consuming—at precisely the speed, motion and position that feels best for you!



Non-members $39.95
Members $28.95

USE ORDER FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

flowed out of his piss slit and filled the cloth sheathing his hard dick. Finally, he turned and fell on his back pulling Ken atop him.

Vince opened his eyes and looked at the dressing room door. It was open and Allen and Larry stood there. They had on only thier jockstraps, which were straining to the bursting point.

"Oh, Gaud! What the fuck???" Vince shouted. Ken turned to see the two hot boys at the door.

"That was hotter than fuck, man." Larry said. "How about you two sucking some jockpouch now?"

Ken and Vince looked at each other and smiled. Ken asked,"How'd you two get in here?"

"We came in when the UPS man came in. I thought you wouldn't be able to keep your hands off of Vince so Larry and I hid in your office and watched everything you did through the mirror," Al said.

Vince glanced at the mirror and then at Ken and then at Allen.

The two jockstrap clad boys walked over to Ken and Vince and shoved their bulging pouches into their faces. Ken and Vince got upon their knees to service the awaiting bulging pouches. They licked at the ribbed stretched material and sucked at the cocks and balls right through the jocks. Vince wrapped his arms around Allen's waist and took the full length of his six inches of hard dick, jock and all, into his mouth. His spit soaked the material making it transparent. He released the cock from his mouth and looked at the straining piece of teen meat through the soaked pouch. Then he sucked at the head of it and worked his way down the shaft and sucked in the elastic-encased balls.

Ken was busy giving Larry a similar treatment. The only difference being that he had inserted a finger into Larry's hot butt hole. Larry bucked and shoved his oozing cock deep into Ken's oral cavity.

Vince licked at the sides of the jockpouch and even pulled the fine pubic hairs, sticking out of the sides, into his mouth. He forced his tongue behind the pouch and worked it against the naked hard dick.

Larry said, "This is great but what I really want is a cock in my butt. Fuck me, Allen. Fuck me real hard while Ken sucks me off through this jockstrap."

"Sure thing, buddy. Maybe Vince will even stick it in for me and rim me while I fuck you."

Vince pulled Allen's six inch thick cock out of jock and licked at it till it was slippery and wet. He grasped the cock and directed it to larry's fuck hole. The rod felt good in Vince's hand. He pushed the cockhead against the pink teenage butthole and worked it, inch by inch, into the anxious butt. He heard Larry uttering sounds as the wet, red-purple cockhead invaded his ass and stretched his anal opening to permit entry. Once the cockhead was inside Larry's ass, Allen began a steady slow rhythm of fucking. Ken continued to suck Larry's jock- covered cock and Vince repositioned himself to rim Allen's ass.

"This is great!" Larry shouted, "Fuck me, Allen...Fuck me hard!"

Ken felt Larry's cock lunge

hard against his mouth; then gobs of hot fresh jism blasted from the jock covered cockhead and seeped into Ken's mouth. Larry was twisting and shoving when they heard Allen scream loudly that he was cuming."

"I'm squirtin' guys! I'm squirtin' my jizz up Larry's butt hole. I'm fillin' him up" Allen shouted.

After a few minutes the four men collapsed onto the dressing room floor for a few minutes of rest. Then they dressed and Vince paid for his purchases and he and Larry walked to the front of the store. They didn't see Ken slip $50 to Allen nor did they hear him say to Allen,"That was great. I'll see you next Monday with two new boys."

"Sure thing, Ken. I haven't missed a Monday yet." Allen said.

The End

MAIL POUCH

Dear Jockey Club:

When are you going to print color pictures in your magazine? I love your mag but I want to see the jockstrappers in color.

- Don, Atlanta

(Dear Don:
Color processing is very expensive for runs of less than fifty thousand. We'd have to charge $125 a year for color. Maybe when we have a larger subscriber base we can consider an annual color issue. -DW, Publisher)

Dear Jockey Club:

Thanks for your wonderful magazine. I went through three pairs of Fruit of the Loom briefs with the March issue. The story called "My Buddy's Briefs," is the hottest underpants story I have ever read. David White's stories is so hot. Please keep him writing more stories.

DS, California

Dear Jockey Club:

I'm disappointed in your March issue. I get horny seeing guys in boxer shorts. Why don't you print some photos of guys in tight boxers? None of your stories have boxers, just boring briefs. You might also do some shots in long johns.

-Fort Myers

Dear Jockey Club:

The photo set of Fred is wonderful! I've never ordered a photo set before so when I got it, I flipped-out...so did my cock. Does he really work on your staff?

-Chicago

(Dear Chicago:
Yes, I must confess. Fred has worked on my staff... several times. -DW Publisher)

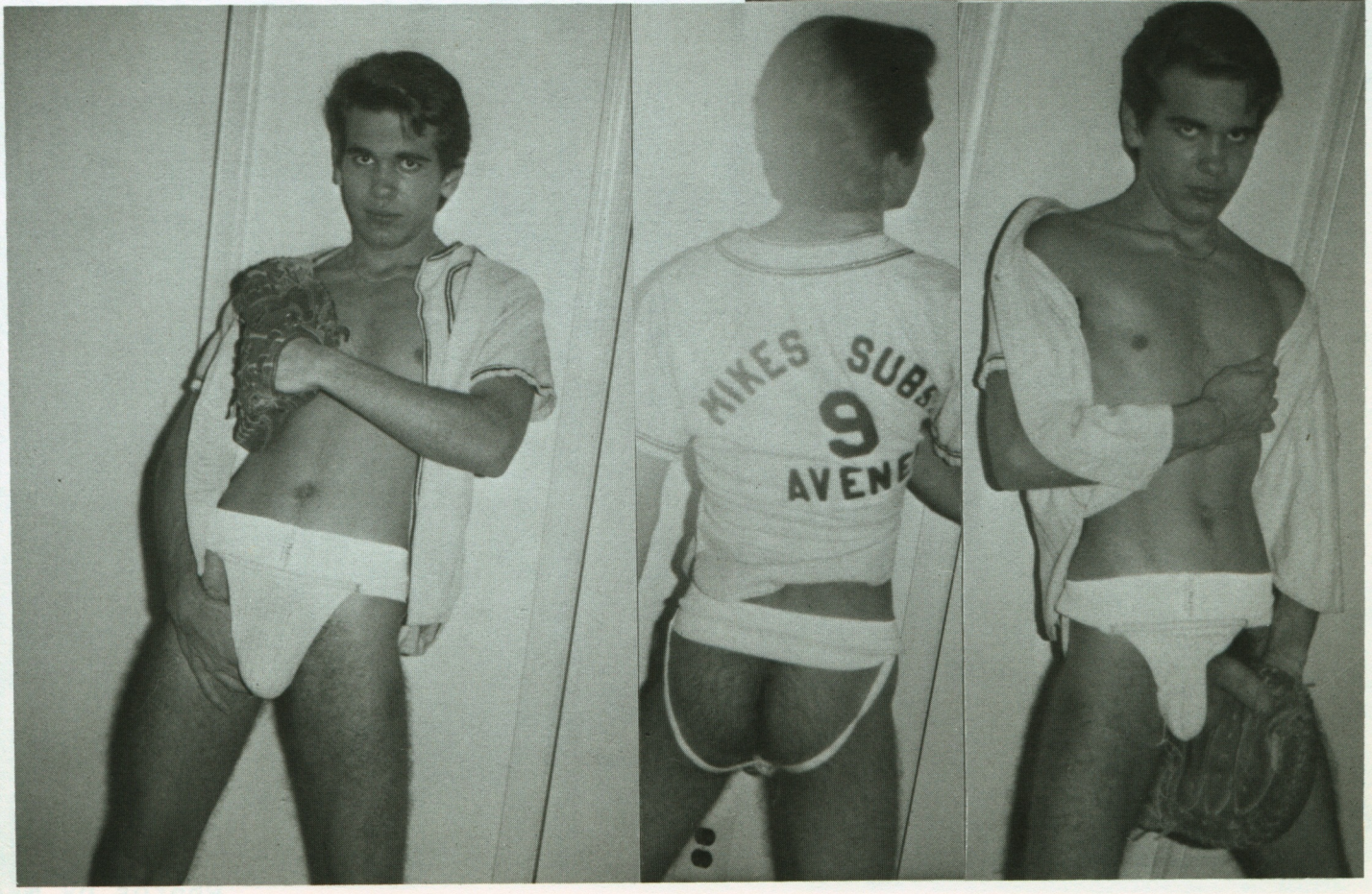
Dear Jockey Club:

Thanks for the tape of PURE FANTASIES. The scene with Steve and Gary is my favorite. Do you have the Calvin Klein briefs that Steve wore in the video? Can I buy them from you? I would have sworn that Gary was Rick Dillon when Dillon was younger. Are you sure he is not?

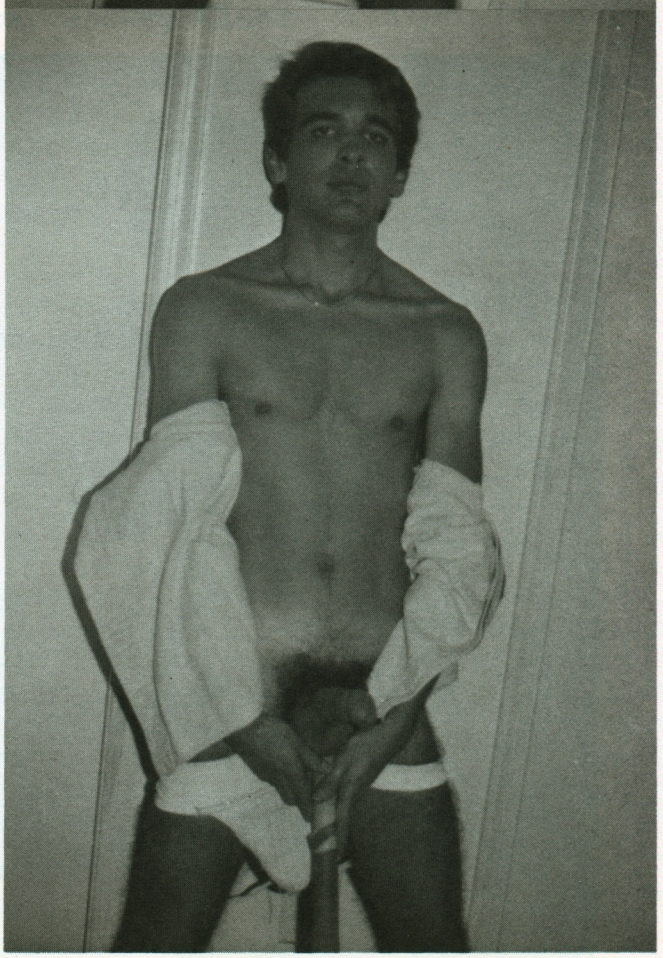
-CE, New York

% JAVIER %

THE BOY LOVES TO PLAY CATCH. DON'T YOU?



AND HE'S GOT A GOOD BAT TOO



Photos by MANCO

LARRY

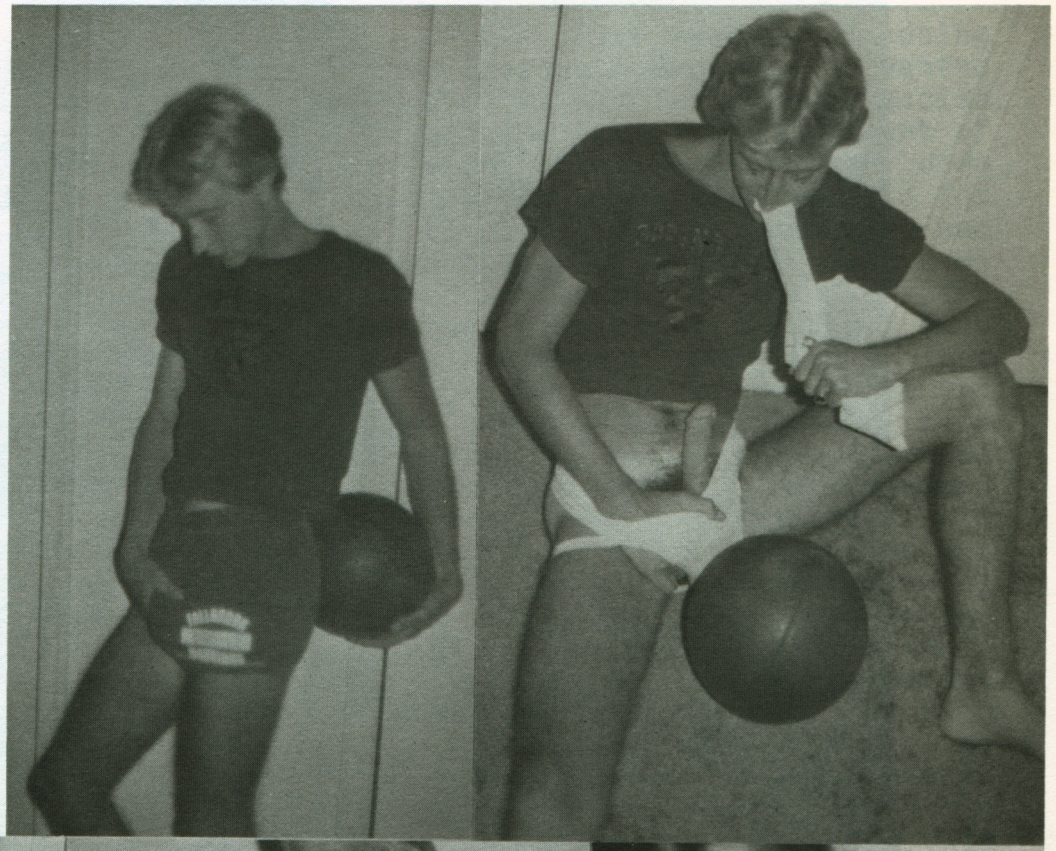
A

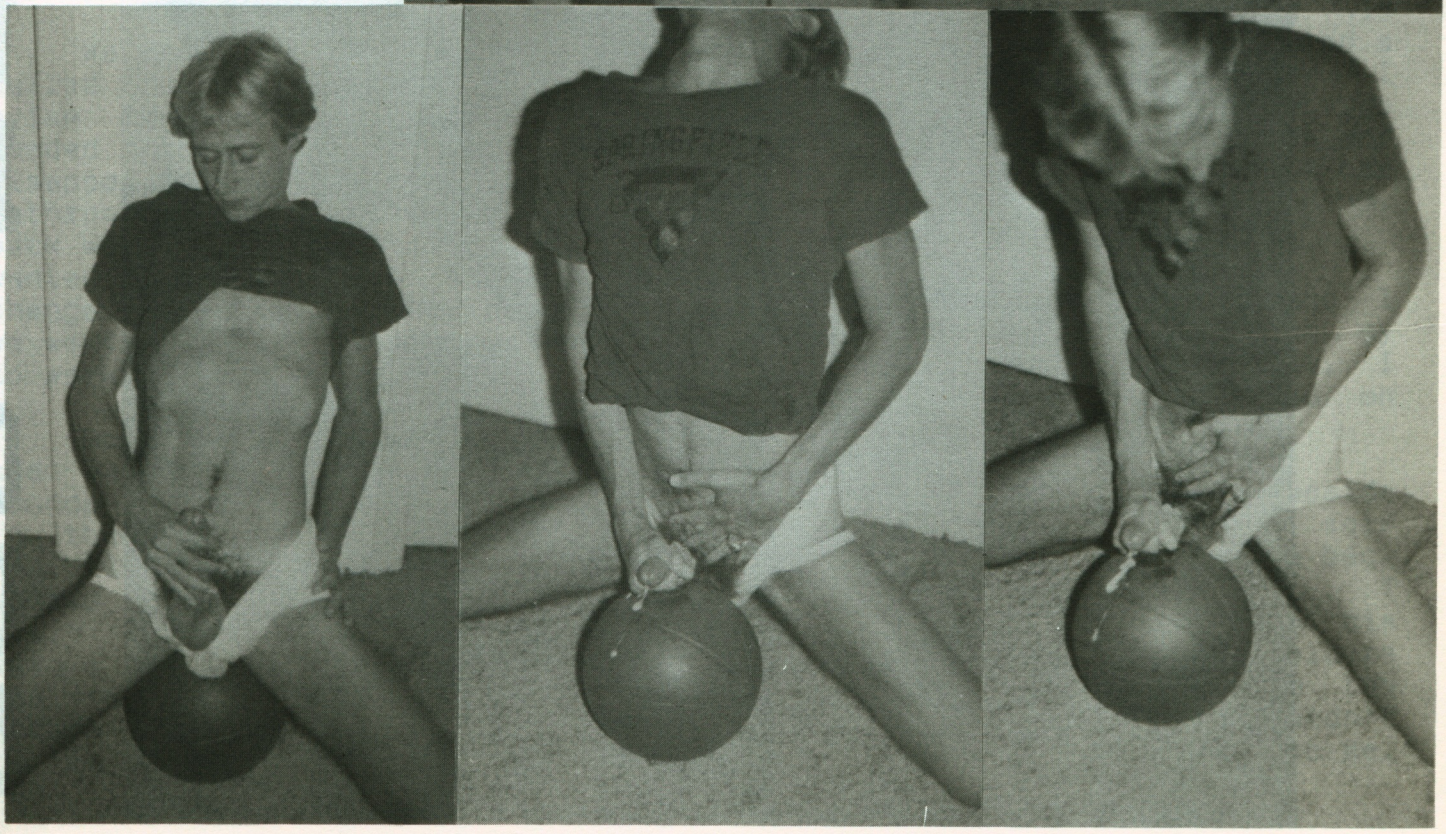
BOY

AND HIS

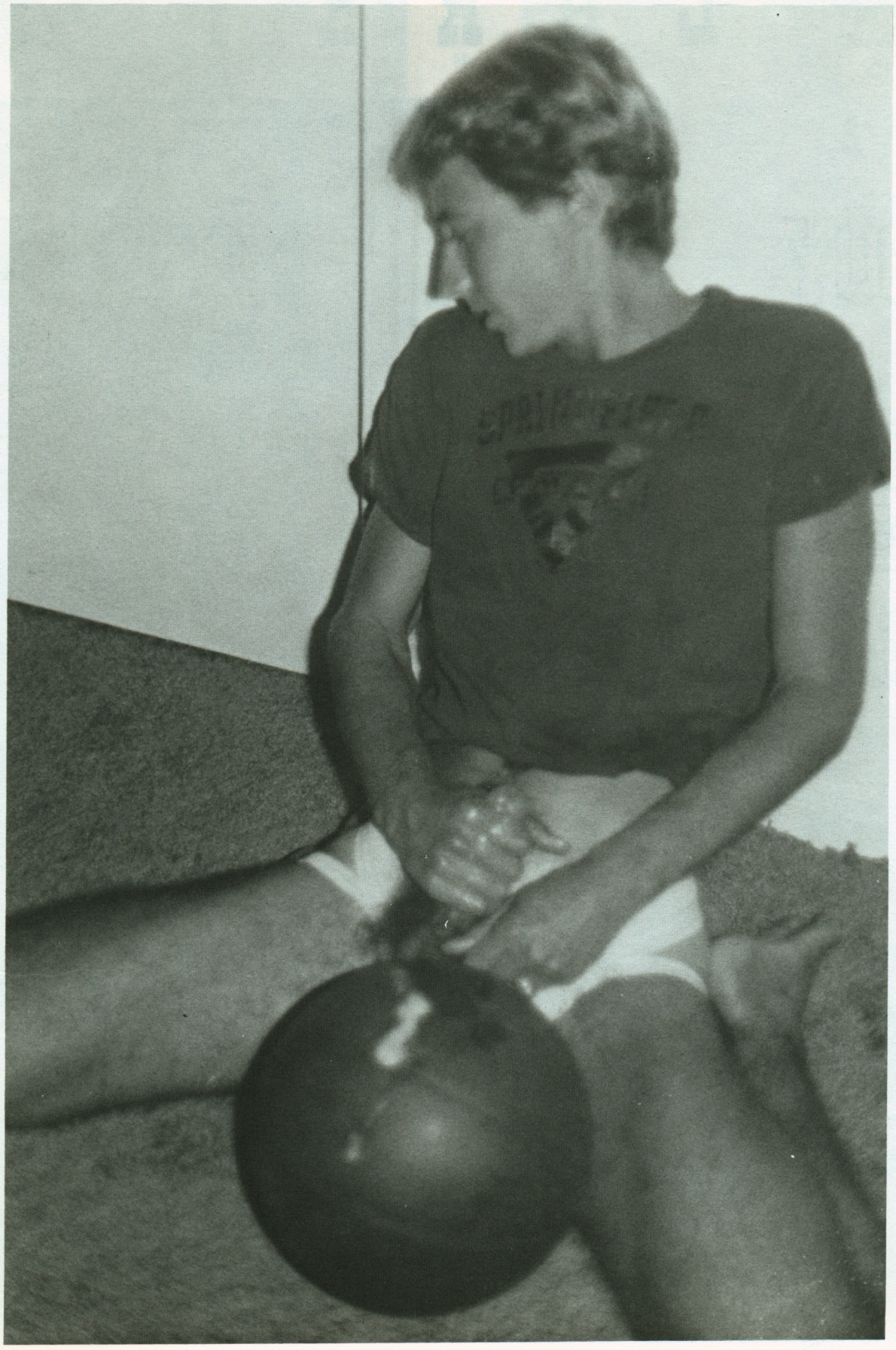
BASKET

BALL





CUM CUM



CUM CUM CUM CUM

MUSCLE STUD

By Vincent Carr

It was four in the afternoon and I had just returned from school. I turned on the TV to watch reruns of CHIPS. Bob, my older brother's best buddy dropped by to see him. I told him that my brother wouldn't be home until about six, but he could wait if he wanted to.

Bob was a freshman at the same college my brother attended. He asked me to turn off the TV so we could talk for a while. He talked about his girlfriends and working-out. I told him that my parents had bought me a set of barbells for my birthday and I suggested we work out while waiting for my brother. He asked me if he could borrow a pair of shorts because he didn't want to get his clothes sweaty.

We went into my bedroom and I pulled out the tightest pair of nylon running shorts I owned and handed them to him. I was disappointed when he went into the bathroom to take a piss and came back wearing the shorts. I really wanted to watch him strip and change. When I finished changing we went downstairs to the basement to work-out.

Bob had a perfect body. I had watched him grow from 105 pounds to 165 pounds of all muscle in the last couple of years. He had always been my idol and I wanted to have a body just like his. He had light brown hair and was a little over six feet tall. His shoulders were huge and his smooth muscular pecs tapered down to a thirty inch waist. The thin white nylon running shorts fit him like a glove and I could see his crotch bulging through them. His tan legs were like two tree trunks.

After five minutes of doing bench presses, Bob said he wanted to show me his favorite exercise for biceps. He stood in front of me with his arms straight down holding the barbells. He said for me to take hold of the bar and balance it while he lifted it. He lifted the weights up to his pecs and back down to his crotch. Each time he lowered the weights, the bar pressed against the bulge in his crotch making it more prominent. After several exercises of this, we changed positions and he helped as I did the routine. Each time the bar came in contact with my crotch I could feel my teen cock getting harder. I hope he wouldn't notice. I continued the exercise, lifting and lowering the rod with his help...pec to cock.. pec to cock. Then, Bob did another exercise and suddenly dropped the barbell and began massaging his bicep. I asked him if he pulled a muscle and he said he had. I asked him if he wanted me to rub it for him. I was turned on and when he said yes, I told him I had a bottle of rubbing alcohol in my room.

We went up to my room and I retrieved the alcohol from my bathroom. When I returned, I found Bob lying across my bed on his stomach.

I climbed on the bed beside him and began rubbing the sore arm. I asked if he'd like a back rub and he said he'd love it. I straddled him, sitting on his butt. I stared at the shoulders and worked my way down to the small of his back. I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

My cock became hard as a rock in my trunks. It stuck straight out. I sure was glad he couldn't see it for there was no way he could have missed my big bulge. My shorts looked like a tent.

I couldn't resist the urge to reach down and squeeze my cock through my shorts. The nylon covering made it feel hotter than ever. I began rubbing his thighs and got closer and closer to the leg openings of the shorts. He asked me to do the front of his legs. He turned over so I squatted so he couldn't see my hard dick sticking up from my crotch. By this time my cock started to ooze pre-cum juice and caused a big wet spot to appear on my shorts.

I stared at the white, nylon material of his trunks. To my surprise his cock was just as hard as mine. As I massaged his thighs, his cock seemed to jump around more and more. I worked my fingers to the leg openings and he started to moan softly. I couldn't stop myself, so I slid my fingers under the nylon and came in contact with his briefs. I hadn't realized that he had left his briefs on under the shorts. I expected him to stop my roaming hands but he didn't. He leaned his head up and after glancing at his tented shorts he looked at my crotch and saw how hard I was.

"Boy, it looks like we're both kinda excited," he said. I straightened up and stood over him on my knees so he could clearly see how excited I was. "In fact, boy, you're wet already. Shove your crotch up here; I want to see how much you've grown lately."

I crawled up and straddled his chest. He took both of his hands and grabbed my cock and balls through my shorts. "Feels like you've got a jock on under these trunks. No need to get your trunks all messed up."

He grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down. I leaned to the side while he pulled them over my feet.

"Now, climb back up here, boy. You sure got yourself turned on. Just look how you're stretching this jock. Got it soaked, too." He said. His dirty talk got me hotter and hotter.

He grabbed my butt and pulled forward causing my bulging jock to press against his face. He slid his tongue out and started licking all the wetness I had oozed out of my jockstrap. I was going wild. My cock was like a fountain.

Suddenly, he pushed me down beside him and placing his thumbs in the waistband of the nylon running shorts, pushed them down over his thighs, legs and feet. I stared at the giant tent his big cock made in his white Fruit-of-the-Loom briefs. The waistband stuck out about two inches from his belly from the pressure of his dick. He saw me staring at it.

"See something you like down here, boy? Why don't you go for it? " He urged me on.

I hesitated, but then, shoved my face to his bulging briefs and took a deep whiff of his manly smell. I decided right then and there that I loved it. I licked at his briefs as he did my jock. Pre-fuck juice seeped through his briefs. I tasted the salty fluid and sucked it through the cloth.

He grabbed the back of my head pushing my face harder against his hard dick. "Boy, you're not fully mature yet and a growing stud like you, needs a lot

of protein. So, I'm gonna give you a mouthful. You ready for it?"

"Yes, Bob... I want it." I replied.

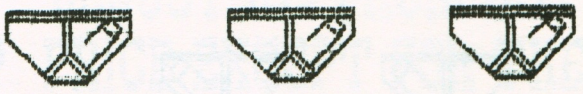
He kept rubbing my face all over the front of his briefs. His huge cockhead slipped out from the waistband of his briefs. It was red and wet and I licked at the wetness from it. He reached down and lifted the waistband of his briefs out from his body and then shoved my mouth all the way down his cock shaft. Then, he snapped the waistband back into place with my head inside his briefs. I heard him say something and then my mouth filled with his fresh hot man jizz. The hot, creamy cum filled my mouth. I swallowed as much of the wonderful juice as I possibly could but some ran out to be soaked into his briefs. My head stayed in his underpants until his rod went completely soft. He grabbed my head and pulled it up to his.

"Okay, sport. Now it's my turn for a load of your ball juice. Get up here and fuck my face." Bob said.

I grabbed the headboard of my bed with my hands and planted my toes on on either side of Bob. I slipped my dick, for the first time in my life, into a mouth. The feeling was too much for me. It took only two or three plunges into Bob's mouth for me to blast my load of boycum into his mouth. It felt so good that I collapsed on his face driving my dick all the way down his throat. With each shock wave of jizz leaving my body my thighs squeezed his sides.

When I finally rolled off of him we smiled at each other. Hearing a noise we looked at the door to see my brother watching.

The End ???



BRIEF HUMOR

The high school wrestling coach went into the lockerroom before the state championship match. He sat down beside of Jack, his only hope of winning. "I have terrible news, Jack. You've been matched with Lincoln High's Smith. Smith has a hold called the pretzel hold. Nobody has ever gotten out of the pretzel hold. Whatever you do, don't let him get you in the pretzel hold because not only is it inescapable, but it is the most painful hold in all of wrestling."

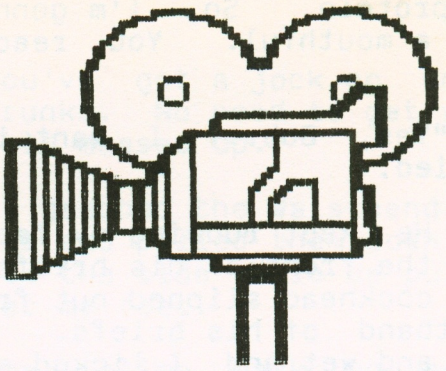
Shortly after the match began the coach watched as Smith got Jack into the pretzel hold. Jack's body was twisted and every muscle in his body was stretched to the most painful condition. Jack was screaming in agony as the coach dropped his head into his hands. Suddenly, the audience went wild with yelling and frenzy. The coach looked up to see the referee holding up Jack's hand in victory.

As soon as the coach and Jack were alone in the lockerroom, the coach explained that he didn't see Jack get out of the pretzel hold and asked him how he accomplished this remarkable feat.

"Well, coach. He had me twisted into a pretzel. I was never in so much pain in my life. I opened my eyes and saw a pair of balls bulging through a uniform. So, I just reached over and bit as hard as I could. And, coach, you have no idea in the world of how much strength a man has as when he bites into his own balls."

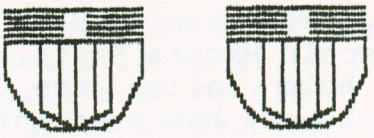
Film and Video Reviews

By David White



Each month Jockey Club has reviewed current videos which deal with guys in gear. Briefs, jocks and swimgear are the fetishes of our readers. I thought that this month we would search our computer data base and list those videos which contain the hottest sections of guys in gear. We have over 1500 entries in our data base. I don't like lists. But, as a service to you who want a shopping list to take to your local gay video rental stores, here it is:

All American Boys - Brief licking
Backfield in Motion - jock eating
Basket Practice - jock eating
Beached - speedo eating
Delivering a load - speedo licking
Breakthrough - bikini scene
Brother load - white cotton briefs
California Summer- lots of briefs
Champs - brief bikini scene
Cousins- briefs
Delivery Boys - jock /boxers
Dormitory Daze - briefs
Fantasize-great brief scene
Flesh 1995 - good brief/bikini
Frat House Memories - briefs
Gold Rush Boys - longjohns
Heroes- Tim Kramer in briefs
I Do! - Fantastic breif scenes
J. Brian's Flashbacks - jocks
Jock Dreams - jocks
Knockout - jocks
Kyd Stuff - jocks, swim, briefs
Leo & Lance - brief eating
Like a Horse - jocks, loin cloth
Made to Order - bikinis
Marathon Man - bikini
New York City Pro - jocks
Oh Brother - bikini
Pinning a Buddy - jock eating
Preppy Summer - briefs
Sailor in Wild - briefs
Shore Leave - lots of briefs
Hot on the Trail - Best briefs
Sizing Up - Briefs
Matter of Size - briefs / jocks
Something Wild - briefs
Straight - great jock sucking
Bigger the Better - great briefs
Route 69 - great brief scene
The Jocks - jocks
These bases are loaded - jocks
Tony's Initiation - briefs, etc.
Turned On - jock sucking
Westside Boys - brief j/o
Wrestling Meat 1 - jockstraps
Wrestling Meat 2 - jocks/bikini
Coming Soon - jocks, briefs



This list is very condensed and there are many more. One that the computer did not print out in this **Best Of** list is The Big parade. It is a Brentwood 8mm transfer that has the best jockstrap sucking sequence ever filmed.

ADAM & ©

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GO WILD!

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for men

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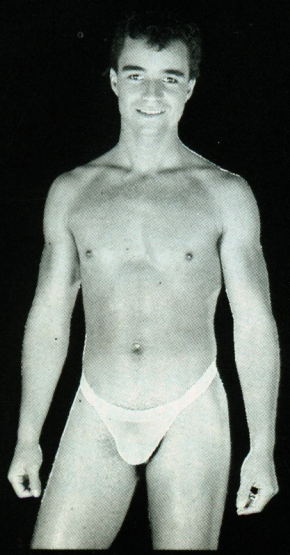
ENHANCER. Sleek Cire front, fishnet back, brief. Black or White. S-M-L. #2306, $7.95



THE TRAP. Jock Sock brief with open back. Black or White. S-M-L. #2309, $5.95

PLAYER. Sleek, wet-look Cire bikini. Black or White. S-M-L. #2303, $8.95

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